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R E B E C C A.

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O R A T O R I O.

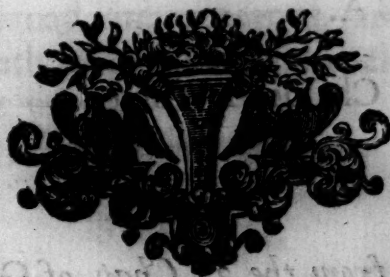
As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

I N

COVENT-GARDEN.

The MUSIC by Mr. SMITH.



L O N D O N :

Printed for C. MORAN in the Great Piazza near the
THEATRE in Covent-Garden. 1761.

R E B E C C A

R O L A T O R

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ABRAHAM's Servant.

ISAAC.

LABAN.

BETHUEL.

ABRAHAM.

Canaanitish Men.

REBECCA.

Chaldean Women.

The Story from the 24 Chap. of GENESIS.





R E B E C C A.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Recitative.

ABRAHAM'S *Servant in the evening.*

S E R V A N T.



THE setting sun hath reach'd the ocean's brim,
Whose broad circumference, and lengthen'd rays
Do silently denote th' approach of eve:
Here let us rest,—
While to Jehovah I address my song.

S O N G.

*Hail to the Lord! whose pow'rful hand
Hath mountains levell'd, winds restrain'd;
Can calm the seas with tempests tost,
The summer's heat, and winter's frost:
The servant of thy chosen bear,
And let success attend his pray'r.*

A 2

Chorus

Chorus of CANAANITES.

*Praise the Lord, ye servants of Abraham ;
The father of nations ! his chosen.*

Recitative.

Serv. Untrace the camels, to yon fountain's fide
Let them be led, to quench their burning thirst,
And by repose their wasted strength renew.

REBECCA and CHALDEAN Women.

S O N G.

*While peeping o'er the hillocks green,
The sun in scatter'd beams is seen,
New beauty from the landscape flows :
Here nature lavishes her pride,
The streams that o'er the pebbles glide,
The firmament's blue lustre shews.*

Recitative.

Serv. Behold the loveliest of her sex approach,
Some angel sure my errand hath foretold :
It is the Lord hath pointed out this place,
To make my journey prosperous.

S O N G.

*Fairest of thy comely train !
Queen of the Chaldean plain !
In thy looks, the day adorning,
Brighter than the break of morning,
Variegated beauties reign.
Kind Heaven ! to my wish incline,
And virtue to such sweetness join.*

CANAAINITISH *Man.*

C. Man. With age tho' furrow'd, and with travel faint,
Each blunted sense a feeble effort makes,
To draw new life from her enchanting look.

S O N G.

*Soft disturber of our care!
What can with thy power compare?
In the breast where you intrude,
Fiercer passion is subdu'd:
Love subverting all the rest,
Soon becomes the only guest.*

Recitative.

Serv. O thou whose charms lend ardour to the sun,
And throw the mantle of the night aside,
Some cooling comfort from thy pitcher yield,
To quench the flame thy beauty hath inspir'd.

Reb. Strangers! whoe'er ye be, most welcome drink,
And with this limpid element allay
The parching venom that doth scald your lips;
'Th' exhausted vessel shall replenish'd be,
Your journey-bated camels to refresh.

S O N G.

*What sudden joy awakes my sense?
My thoughts unusual transports feel,
The mighty cause, O Providence!
To my impatient ear reveal:
With mute attention, Lord, will I
The wond'rous story magnify.*

Enter

Enter LABAN.

Recitative.

Serv. By Abraham my master, am I sent,
To this Chaldean land :—

And by the God of heaven have I sworn,
Here from among his kindred to chuse
A wife for his son Isaac :—
For thus the Lord to Abraham hath said,
Upon thy seed will I bestow this land,
The lot of thine inheritance.

Recitative accompanied.

“ From me this golden ear-ring take,
“ And on thy hand this bracelet wear,
“ Accept them for my master's sake,
“ The pledge of an intent sincere.

Recitative.

Reb. Am I the destin'd favourite of heaven,
Thus call'd to honours from a state obscure?

Serv. Beware fond maid!—
Be not deluded by the shew of greatness;
Prosperity hath poison in its cup,
Humility best marks the virtuous mind.

S O N G.

*Splendour! weak usurper, say
What content in you we find?
Short-liv'd sunshine of a day!
Tyrant o'er the female mind!*

Not

*Not the gem thy band adorns,
Can a single bliss impart;
Pride's a folly Wisdom scorns,
But the pride of true desert.*

Recitative.

Ser. Whose daughter art thou? speak thou wond'rous maid!

Reb. My father Bethuel, was the son of Nahor,
And Milcah his espous'd.

Serv. If we find favour in thy father's sight,
Haply we shall be guests to him this night.

Laban. Thou faithful servant of our noble patriarch!
'Tis Laban, Abraham's kinsman, that now greets thee:
We have both room and provender within,
Thy retinue and thee to entertain.

S O N G.

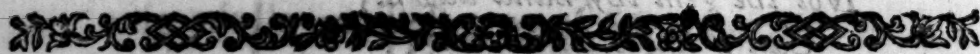
*The joyful tidings I have heard,
The God whom ye adore,
Jehovah evermore,
By us shall be rever'd.*

C H O R U S.

*The Lord hath respect for the lowly,
But he putteth the proud afar off,
Sing praise to the name of the Lord.*

End of the first ACT.

ACT



A C T II.

R E C I T A T I V E.

ABRAHAM'S SERVANT, LABAN, *and* BETHUEL.

Serv. I Am the servant of the patriarch Abraham.

Beth. By Laban and Rebecca I am told,
Thou com'st to seek a wife among his kin,
For Isaac the departed Sarah's son.

Serv. I do; for thus my master doth command;
"Seek thou with speed my native land, he cry'd;

"To prosper this event,

"Th' Almighty Lord hath sent

A power invisible to be thy guide."

Beth. How fares our brother?

Serv. His ardent soul, too good to be confin'd,
Pants for eternity, its wish'd for home.

S O N G.

*The reverend hairs adorn his brow,
As mountain-tops the silver snow;
Their sap exhausted, seem to have
A faint resemblance of the grave:
Thus like the time-enduring Oak,
Resign'd, he waits the coming stroke.*

Recitative.

Recitative.

Serv. His lands, his large possessions, all the gifts
That Heaven hath on the favour'd man bestow'd,
To Isaac at his death he doth bequeath.

C H O R U S.

*His pastures are cloathed with flocks,
The valleys are cover'd with corn,
And the little hills rejoice on every side.*

Recitative.

Lab. This thing proceeding from the King of heaven,
'Twould be prophane to counter-act his will.

S O N G.

*Short is the date ! alas, of beauty's reign;
And various are the strokes that youth destroy.*

Beth. Rebecca is before thee, take her hand,
The word of Heaven she hears, and will obey.

Lab. If on young Isaac you bestow your heart,
Unnumber'd honours wait your future days.

S O N G.

*The flow'ry paths of innocence and peace
She treads, whose will is Heaven's command;
That glorious promise of immense increase,
Shall spread thy fame, and bless the land;
O'er the connubial vow shall Heav'n preside,
Thy steps are sure—Jehovah is thy guide.*

B

A N-

R E B E C C A.

A N T H E M. *Rebecca.*

*I will rejoice in the Lord,
My soul shall be joyful in God.
For thou, Lord! hast heard my desire,
And hast given an heritage to those
That fear thy name.*

C H O R U S.

*We will rejoice in the Lord;
Our souls shall be joyful in God.*

Recitative.

Serv. We must away, soon as the bursting dawn
With the first streaks of light hath mark'd the sky,
And from the mead exhales the rising dew,
To glad the heart of Isaac with thy love.

CHALDEAN *Woman.**Recitative.*

C. Wom. Go, dear companion of my early days!
Meet the reward allotted by the Lord,
The happy prelude of thy future bliss.

S O N G.

*When two fond hearts
In one unite,
'Tis youth imparts
The pure delight.
In vain the feast,
Kind Heav'n supplies,*

If

R E B E C C A.

II

*If youth, the guest,
Untasting, dies.
O may'st thou live the joys to prove,
Arising from connubial love.*

Recitative.

Reb. But see! the night with silent pace steals on,
And sheds her drowsy influence o'er the world;
The face of nature wears a sable hue,
And solemn stillness fills the vault of heaven.

Recitative accompanied.

I will lay me down in peace,
And take my rest,
For it is thou, Lord, only,
That makest me dwell in safety.

S O N G.

*O balmy Sleep! o hither come,
And spread around thy awful gloom!
With peaceful visions lull to rest
The conscious hope within my breast.*

Recitative accompanied.

While all the animal creation sleeps,
Heaven sleepeth not.
The sackbut, and the harp,
The dulcimer, and organ of sweet stop,
The soul-engaging lyre,
Thro' the celestial choir

B 2

Temper

Temper soft tunings to their author's praise ;
 While chaunting cherubs join
 The harmony divine,
 And in the nightly task their voices raise.

C H O R U S.

*Thy wonders infinite and great,
 No thought can measure, tongue relate.*

C H O R U S.

*Glory, O Lord my God, is thine,
 And boundless is thy power divine.*

End of the second ACT.



ACT



A C T III.

R E C I T A T I V E.

ISAAC *alone in the morning.*

THIS is th' auspicious morn ; Author of light !
 Op'ning the crimson curtains of the east,
 When thy best gift, the partner of my heart,
 In dreams to-night, thy promise hath bestow'd.
 The woods and lawns in nature's liv'ry drest,
 Resume their wonted green, fair day-light's hue,
 And the faint stars conclude their nightly dance ;
 Yet not unmindful in conjunctive song,
 With Isaac to proclaim Jehovah's praise.

S O N G.

*Ye fountains warbling as ye flow,
 Ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft, or loud ; ye pine trees wave
 Your tops, in sign of worship wave ;
 Ye elements thro' all the air,
 Your wond'rous Maker's praise declare !*

SERVANT *and* REBECCA *veil'd.*

Serv. Rebecca, see, young Isaac comes this way,
 While expectation mocks his utmost speed.

If.

If. O my impatient heart, awhile be still ;
Thy weak resistless state I know,
And feel attraction's power within.

Serv. Receive the partner of thy future bliss,
And, with the welcome breath of love, dispel
The sweet confusion trembling in her eyes.

S O N G.

*May you with daily pleasure meet,
The bliss such beauty can bestow ;
Thy pulse with equal measure beat,
And love be all the care you know.*

Recitative.

If. Remove that envious veil, that doth eclipse
Thy beauties, which do now but faintly dawn,
Like an envelop'd star beneath a cloud.

REBECCA *unveils and kneels.*

S O N G. *Rebecca.*

*Love, alas ! thy aid bestow,
Teach the youth like me to burn ;
Ease the fears my blushes shew,
By a due, a kind return.*

Recitative.

If. Arise, sweet maid ! to beauty great as thine,
Such homage is from me a tribute due.

S O N G.

S O N G.

*The fields in smoaky odours rise,
 To pay their morning sacrifice;
 With tuneful throat and flutt'ring wing,
 The birds their grateful mattins sing:
 The sun thro' quiv'ring branches sheds
 His dappled pride where'er she treads;
 In vain their beauties they display,
 Rebecca antedates the day.*

Recitative accompanied.

CANAANITES.

*Lo! the winter is past,
 The rain is over and gone,
 The flowers appear on the earth,
 The time of their springing is come,
 And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.*

C H O R U S.

*Above, below, Rebecca see,
 All nature joins to welcome thee.*

*Reb. Beauty is weak, attack'd each stealing minute,
 By the sharp tooth of all-defacing Time;
 An airy blossom, which the breath of care
 Blows off; sickness doth prove it nothing,
 As darkness doth the colours of the day.*

S O N G.

*The fading beauties of each flow'r,
 Are like the bloom that decks a face;*

*Both the bright objects of an hour,
That disappear, nor leave a trace.
Virtue superior and alone,
With endless charms pursues her way,
Still she improves, as time rolls on,
Nor knows a symptom of decay.*

Recitative.

If. But where we do possess (to virtue join'd,) Perfection such as yours,
What gratitude to Heaven do we owe!

S O N G.

*Vain are the feeble pow'rs of art,
Our purer senses to controul;
In thee 'tis nature points the dart,
That striking sinks into the soul;
In nature's magic glass we view
Charms ever varied, ever new.*

Recitative.

ABRAHAM.

Serv. Abraham, behold, appointed by the Lord,
The wife of Isaac to thy hands I bring;
Daughter of Bethuel, thy honour'd brother,
And ruler of the wide Chaldean plains.

Abr. By Heaven instructed, well hast thou fulfill'd,
What I from inspiration did command.

S O N G.

S O N G.

*Thus blessing, in each other blest,
Till call'd to an eternal rest,
United may ye live.
Soon as thy sands of life are out,
And Time shall turn his glass about,
May Heaven both receive.*

CHALDEAN Woman.

S O N G.

*Like distilling dews,
Like trickling showers upon the tender herb,
Grace shall descend;
While sun and moon endure,
Plenty and peace shall reign.*

Recitative.

*If. O all-preparing Providence divine,
In thy large book what secrets are inroll'd!
No mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, thy counsels manifold:
It is thy wond'rous wisdom that extends
Obscure proceedings to appointed ends.*

C H O R U S.

*O Lord!
Thou shalt grant him thy righteousness,
And he shall judge the people justly.*

C

Recitative.

Recitative.

Abr. Now have I liv'd enough; kind Heaven accept
An old man's thanks for every blessing past,
The stroke of nature chearful I attend.

DUETTE.

ISAAC and REBECCA.

If. Let me receive with grateful sense,
Let my fond soul embrace,
This sweetest gift of Providence,
Thus fraught with ev'ry grace.

Reb. Let me in tender accents join
To praise Heav'n's kind decree,
Let me each word, each wish confine,
To what best pleaseth thee.

If. Each tender pray'r, } shall be for thee.
Reb. Each anxious care, }

And all our views shall tend to move,
Heav'n's kindest influence on our love.

To virtue's test our wills we'll curb,
Smooth and serene each hour shall glide,
Nor shall pale care those scenes disturb,
Where love and innocence preside.

CHORUS.

Sing praises to the Lord, for he is good,
His mercy endureth for ever.

F I N I S.



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